CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION FOR ALBERTA SCHOOLS

2. Short Story:

Title	Entrant's Name	Age	Grade	Address
I Was at Corrigidor	Peggy Somerville	14	9	McKay Ave. School
Old Stick in the Mud	John Mitchell	12	7	Bragg Creek
The Tramps	Pat Stearne	13	7	" "
Death of Old Job	Jim Fullerton	15	9	" "
(3) ✓ Tale of an Old Pioneer	T. C. Gordon	19	12	Chauvin (Alberta College)
Gabby's Wild Bull	Eunice M. Stone	16	12	Alberta College
Saturday Night in Muddy Valley	Jean H. Fowlie	19	12	Alberta College
An Heroic Dog	James Hanna	14	8	Islay (Kenilworth School)
One Day's Adventures	Arthur J. Waterfield	12	8	" " "
What the Mirror Saw	Aletha Bray	12	7	Whitelaw (
Unwanted Pet	Patricia Sheehan	13	7	#
No Gasoline	Anne Feniak	13	7	"
(2) ✓ The Ghost Trail	Shirley Davidson	15	9	",
Seeing Life from Look-Out Point	Helen Bodnaruk	16	9	"
Jungle Fighter of the Deep	Irene Ludescher	14	9	"
Toby the Terrible	David Kobasa	15	9	"
Sylvia Becomes a Star	Eileen Fox	13	8	"
Space Unlimited	Joan Trider	14	8	"
Jungle Junction	Ruth A. Milton	16	12	Peace River
My Hero	Sylvianne Hebert	13	8	R.R. 1, St. Albert
It's Fun to Cooperate	Mary A. Campbell	15	9	Grande Prairie
Kindness Pays	Madeline Bramley	17	11	Rockyford
Muffin, A True Story	Nita Harrison	14	11	Peace River
The Bracelet	Fusako Takeda	17	12	Rosemary
Pal O' Mine	Winifred G. Thorogood	16	11	Strathcona High
(1) ✓ Randy's Choice	Winifred "			" "
A Laugh at Dad	Emmaline Thomsen	12	6	Huallen (Aspen Dale Schod
I Knew I'd Find You	Olga Stierle	12	8	" "
Yet a Million Dollar Baby Would Have Died	Ivy Willsey	13	6	"
Make Sure He's Dead	Louise Willsey	14	8	"
The Rescue	Ellen Hopkins	15	9	R. R. 1, Stony Plain (Holborn School)
Detective Tex	Ruth Parsons	15	9	Cherry Grove
The Unexpected Visitor	Winnie Jensen	16	9	Cherry Grove
Together at Last	Marjorie Lokke	18	12	Fort Kent
The Sea is Your Tomb	Gertrude Holseth	17	12	Fort Kent
The Harvest Moon	Michael Senych	18	12	Redwater (Ufford High)
The Horrible Tie	Alice Jensen	13	7	Villeneuve
A Month of Heaven	Nora Radke	16	11	Hay Lakes
Gran'pap's Story	John Mawrelko	17	11	Opal
The Mountain-Dew				
Sentimentalist	Agnes Smith	16	11	Nanton
Bitter Sweet	Vera Christina Blakley	18	12	Irma
	Margery E. Amdam	18	12	Vilna High School
Are these stories? Sacrifice	Marian Frinskie	14	8	Warspite
Seeking Adventure	Walter Regehr	14	8	Swalwell
Pal, My Pal	Wilma Roberts	12	8	Leedale (Faraway)

19

Life of the Peace River Co. in 1893 — Peace River

Raymond Barrass 15 IX ✓

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION FOR ALBERTA SCHOOLS

5. Alberta Background Essay:

Title	Entrant's Name	Age	Grade	Address
A Description of Alberta	Nettie Bura	14	7	Styal (Holy Spring)
On a Day Well Spent in "	Phyllis Davidson			Box 15, Sundre
Banff the Beautiful	Lois Christiansen	13	8	452 20 St. N., Lethbridge
Spring in Alberta	Jorgen Hansen	16	10	Warspite
Fair Province of Canada	Mary Meluychuk	14	9	"
Nature Hobbies in Alberta	Vincent E. Erikson	13	8	Czar
On Jasper National Park	Joseph E. Bryant	17	12	Jasper (Alberta College)
The World Is Too Much With Us	Norma A. Wansness	19	12	(Alberta College)
Look to the North	Barbara Lukashenko	20	10	Battle River Hospital, Crimshaw (Buchanan Creek School)
Alberta, Jewel of the Prairies	Roy R. Knechtel	17	12	Box 202, Grande Prairie (St. Joseph's School)
Father Albert Lacombe	Eileen Augur	14	7	" ", Grande Prairie
The Story of Kenilworth	Verna Buchanan	12	8	Isley (Kenilworth School)
Our Koknee Farm	Betty Coulton	14	7	" "
A C.N.R. Bridge	Kenneth Buchanan	17	9	" "
Jasper National Park	Robert Bezborodka	15	9	Radway
Opening of the West	Edward Cholowski	15	9	"
Spring	Lois Clark	12	7	Waskatenau
Hidden Wealth of the North	John Biruk	14	7	Thorhild
Nature's Retreat	Shirley Rose Nelson	14	8	Conrey
Sundre	Elaine Parker	17	12	Waskatenau
Neighbours and Homesteads	Herta Schultz	12	8	Huallen
Interesting Places	Lydia Thomsen	15	8	Huallen
The Alaska Military Highway	Frances Rose	19	12	Sundre
On Alberta	" "			
Just - Alberta	Anna Reinelt	17	9	Box 169, Grande Prairie (St. Joe's)
Pioneer Woman	Dorothy Patterson	17	12	Grande Prairie H.S.
A Story of the Pioneers of the Sturgeon River District	Muriel M. Pearse	15	11	R.R.4, Box 36, Edmonton
History of the United Farmers of Alberta	Elizabeth Wilkinson	16	11	R.R.6, N. Edmonton
Biography of Wm Aberhart	Sally Zahary	16	11	Namao
Dawson Creek Boom	Arthur Smith	15	9	Dawson Whitelaw
Calling Lake	June Davidson	16	9	Whitelaw
Lumbering in Alberta	David Kobasa	15	9	Whitelaw
Silver Gash	Leo Martin Sheehan	17	11	Whitelaw
Water Power	Martin Kobasa	18	11	Whitelaw
History of Our District	Barbara Davis	17	10	Whitelaw
Cecil Edward Denny	Fred Standing	12	7	1401 4th Ave. N., Lethbridge
The C.P.R.	Enola McCuaig	12	7	532 15th St. N., Lethbridge
The Story of Lethbridge	Dorothy Jarvie	13	7	445 19 St., N., "
The Old West	Bob Rannard	13	7	314 15 St. N., "
The Youth of Lethbridge	Shirley Gowin	14	7	1814 1st Ave., A.N., "
The Story of Lethbridge	Ronald Bissett	13	7	419 12th St. B. North, "
Cecil Edward Denny	Norman Nayha	13	7	516 21 St. N., "
Mining in Lethbridge	Diane Ward	12	7	1326 4th Ave. N. "
An Old Time Visit to Lethbridge	(All these from Westminster School) Tom Davies	12	7	133 14th St. N.
Alberta	Pamella Hunter	17	12	Box 189, Grande Prairie (HS
Alberta - I Am Proud of You	Lawrence Moon	17	12	Grande Prairie High School
Alberta's Biological Background	Joan Margaret Holt	13	7	Rolling Hills

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION FOR ALBERTA SCHOOLS

3. Alberta Background Essay (cont.):

Title	Entrant's Name	Age	Grade	Address
(Biographical)	Stanley M. Lykstra	18	12	Vilna
Alberta Bows to Science	Kazie Siluck	19	12	Grande Prairie H.S.
And Its Waters Shall Be Called the Waters of Peace	Bob Knight	15	8	" " Intermediate
Banff School of Fine Arts	Joseph G. Meleshka		11	Box 9, Radway
Provinces of Canada	Idell Hatch	18	9	Cherry Grove (Cherry Spring School)
Lumbering	Norman Hellum	13	7	Warspite
(3) ✓ Alberta, Land to Love	Lovise W. Marchant	17	12	9505 95th St., Edmonton
The World of Today	Joyce Blair	14		McDougall Commercial Consort (Whitton)
Athabaska - Artery of the North	Margaret Young		12	Barrhead

~~Trail to Peace River 1873~~

~~The Hardships of the North~~ ~~Raymond Bourassa~~ ~~Gilbert Atkins~~ ~~15 IX~~ ~~Peace River~~ ~~15 IX~~ ~~" "~~

A Boy's Memory of Their Majesties	Dolores Crawford	16	11	Box 283, Peace River
Home	Winifred M. Cox	14	12	North Star, Alberta
Pioneers	Audrey Currie		9	Peace River High
Something !	Angela Bourassa	18	11	" " "
On the Trail	Dorothy Iverson	2	9	" " "
The Coming to the Peace River Country	Anna Perkins		9	" " "
				Judah, Alberta
Peace River	Lois Fox	14	11	Peace River
The Starving Northland	Doreen Keppler	16	11	" "

Stories

Shirley Davidson
Age 15, Grade 9
Whitelow

The Ghost Trail

The moon sent a golden ripple across the bend of the Peace. A few silvery edged clouds rested lightly in a dark sapphire sky.

"What a night for a walk," I thought - and then my thoughts took another turn as thoughts are so apt to do. My path was a seldom used one along the river bank and past the old Cree burying ground. I knew there wasn't a single Indian or halfbreed in the country who would have walked that trail in the daylight - much less alone by the pale glow of an August moon. Old chief Minnakew had disappeared along this trail over an hundred years before, but not a Indian had forgotten it. And then there were the two (2) Cree girls who had wandered that way picking berries and had never been seen again.

"Snap out of this," I said to myself. "They probably fell into the river and drowned and no one ever dared come look for them. This is a perfectly good trail and a beautiful one. And besides it is only a mile home this way and over five miles around the road. Anyway I'm living in a modern world. Don't the training planes from Peace River

and Grand Prairie go dashing around here every day? We're past the stage of ghosts and being spirited away."

This brave talk restored my courage and I strolled on down the trail. "A ribbon of moonlight" I began reciting, and then that bit from "Lay of the Last Minstrel" about "ebon and ivory, when silver edges the imagery." But that brought up a spooky picture too - of graves and magic books. "I'll stick to plain words and Peace River scenery," I decided.

The path twisted through a little dell and a tiny rivulet sparkled where the moonbeams sifted through the willows. It was a place for fairies to come slipping from behind ferns - no place for gruesome thoughts. I left the little tinkling stream with reluctance and started up a smooth slope. Just at the top was an old rickety, grayish, drunken looking picket fence. The shrubs around it formed a thick hedge through which my path led. This was the grave yard I'd heard so much about and the little broken fences inside marked graves. I felt a tightening around my heart in spite of my -

The Ghost Trail

self and stepped hurriedly along between sunken spots. About half way across I stumbled and fell headlong. I had tripped over an old Indian skull!! My fears returned a thousand fold, but I managed to pick myself up and get across the rest of that plot so quickly that no other forbidding sights presented themselves. I was about half way home and I tried to think of the good hot supper that would be waiting for me there.

I went on down the trail with my courage returning. My nerves were tense however and when a tiny field mouse ran across the path I jumped as if it were a ghost with a tomahawk. Deep, dark, shadows surrounded me and I felt like a lost babe in the woods. Presently the trail came out into a clearing, and the clear, silvery ripple across the river was a comfort. I was just about to breath a sigh of relief, but a glance ahead gave me another start. There was a thick black grove with spooky looking shadows all through it and worst of all a greyish white something right in the centre of the path. Coming closer I managed to make out the

The Ghost Trail

form of a fallen tree which slanted down across the trail. Just beyond it was the white thing. I took a few more steps forward but such a prickly feeling went down my spine that I stopped short and turned to start back. Still that way lay the grave yard and that horrible skull.

I stood there and thought it over. Home was only half a mile beyond that grove. Going back and around the road meant five or six miles at least. And then crossing that skull again. Actually there hadn't been a thing to hurt me along and I was a coward to let a white something skare me like this. It must be something perfectly natural. I turned and looked at it again. A little breeze swayed the tree tops slightly and made strange, whispery, creepy sounds. The white thing moved a little too - I was sure it had. I watched it a minute, but it seemed perfectly motionless. What could a white thing in a grove be? Why, a split tree trunk of course! Stupid of me! Why hadn't I thought of that before? There was a tree fallen across the trail and it moved slightly when the wind moved the trees. Of course it was just an ordinary old broken tree. I stepped

The Ghost Trail

forward boldly enough but with my eye glued to the white thing in spite of myself. Just then one of the little fleecy clouds floated across the face of the moon and the whole picture was darkened considerably. Still I could just descern the white strip ahead of me.

I walkid more quickly to get through the grove and out into good open trail again. My shoulders bumped hard into a sapling that leaned out over the path. "Why have I such clumsy shoulders," I asked the whole grove in general. I brushed it aside with an annoyed push and started on. But I heard a swishing sound as if that branch were hissing an answer. I looked upward and horrors!! a large white thing was settling down over me. I shrieked and gave a leap that would make the world broadjump look like a hop, but it was to late. It had settled all around me. I fell flat to my face and just lay there rigidly. I supposed the horrid thing was either going to fold me up and pack me off into space. Nothing moved. "Maybe I'm to be smothered," I thought and gingerly felt out with my hand. It touchid something soft and silky.

The Ghost Trail

I gave a slight experimental hitch of my body and stopped again to see what would happen. Nothing did. I hitched again and felt out ahead of me to see if I were coming to an edge of this strange thing. There was a scuttling sound in the bushes and I lay perfectly quiet again with my heart in my throat. There was another scuttle and a chipmonk chirped. My breath came back and I was just rising onto my knees slowly when another sound penetrated my prison. I poised perfectly still and listened. It was a mans voice surely.

The voices sumed some way off and at first I was sure they were above me. I had a mental picture of old Chief Winnapaw floating down on a cloud. It got louder and sumed to be in front of me. I listened and bated breath.

"It must be near here some place", the voice said. "I got hung up in a tree by the shoulder straps so I slip out of the harness and down a windfall and started out to see if I could see you."

"Lucky there's a good moon too", said another voice. "I'd a slid down that bank and into the river sure if you hadn't been there to grab me. I just got out of that old crate in

The Ghost Trail

time."

"Yeah, I'll say so", the first voice went on. "I was afraid you'd stick to it too long. Once these old tubs get a flame in the engine, you'd better start jumping."

"Well I didn't want it piled up in some farmers yard and burn his place down, but I didn't like to dump her in the river. I thought if I'd go up I'd spot a field I could drift into. But it got so hot, so I just headed for the river and jumped. There's something white now. Is that it?"

This last remark brought my somewhat frozen intellect back into function and I realized that two unfortunate airmen were about to pull their parachute off my sprawling person.

"Horrors!" I thought. "I suppose they are handsome, laughing, dare-devils and will make the most of my sad plight!" I sat up and began to straighten my blouse.

"Holy smokes! It moved!" said one voice. He picked up a corner and slowly peered under. "Whe-ew!" he said, dropped it.

I pulled my skirt down over my knees and yelled in a shaky voice, "Pick it up again! And its nothing to make silly remarks about either."

The Ghost Trail

Complete - blank - amazed silence followed this out burst. I sat motionless, waiting. There was a slight shuffle of boots and the sheet was lifted again. This time two faces peered in. "Gee!" said one. They straightened up then and threw (to) the parachute back. They weren't even looking amused. There was genuine concern on their amazed faces as they turned to me. My defiance left me and I just crumpled to the ground like a pricked balloon, and began to weep. I don't know why - strained nerves I suppose, and intense relief, and mostly just plain embarrassment.

"Holy smokes, miss! Don't do that," the tall fellow said. He stooped over and began to pat me on the head like he would a scared puppy. "How the dickens did you get in there anyway?"

"This is ridiculous," I chided myself. "Pull yourself together and try to act sixteen". I stopped sniffling then and they pulled me to my feet as much as if I were a sack of wheat. The tall and older one was mopping away at my face with half a yard of blue hankie and the handsome young one just stood there bashfully helpless.

"It's all right now," I said just before the blue mop swiped half

my nose away. "I was just plain scared." And then I told them the whole story - about the Indians who disappeared, the graveyard, that awful skull, the white thing in the trees — all about it.

The big fellow just sat back on his heels and roared. The other one was grinning sheepishly too. "Go ahead and laugh", I told him. "It's funny to me now too." So then we all laughed boisterously.

"Well I hope there's a telephone at your house," the big fellow said, "because we need to phone in a report, and you need an escort home."

There was. The escort was perfectly delightful even if one was forty years old and the other one bashful. And I ended my walk as I had begun it by thinking, "What a night for a walk!"

The End.

(2) Stories Chronicle Entries

I.

T. L. Gordon
age 19, grade 12—
Alberta College
2nd

The Tale of an Old Pioneer

"Cold?" ejaculated the man as I walked into his shack on a day when the thermometer was touching fifty-five below. His old shack, situated on the top of a steep rise, was exposed to all types of weather, and today it was almost as cold inside the shack as it was outside. He told me once that the reason he had built in this exposed place was so the Indians wouldn't be able to sneak up on him unobserved. You can take that explanation for what it's worth, but I think the reason he built here was so he would be close to water and still be on dry land when the spring floods came. At the bottom of the rise was a deep gully through which ran a sparkling little brook. Here the old man watered his oxen in the olden days and got water for his own domestic use.

"Ya think it's cold today!" he snorted. "Why when I was a young whipper-snapper like you used to walk twenty or thirty miles on a day like this and think nothin' of it. Didn't have no houses along the way to drop in at and get warm in those days either by crikey. Those were the days when men were men—by gum."

The old man put some wood on the fire, took a fresh chew of tobacco and settled himself into his old rocking chair by the stove. That familiar far-away, story telling

"The Tale of an Old Pioneer" - continued.

look came into his eyes, and I knew a yarn was about to be told.

"I remember once when I would-a froze to death if it hadn't a-been for my team o' oxen," he said. "They was the meanest critters I ever saw when the flies was bad in the summer. I'd be a-plowin' up the field when all at once they'd stick their dern tails in the air and head for the bush. Them two oxen bust up more dang harness then you could count. But I reckon they made up for all their danged meanness when they brung me home through the blizzard that night."

The old man looked out of the window and sent a wad of tobacco flying into the pail beside the washstand.

"In them days we used to go to Battleford twice a year for supplies," he said. "Once in the spring and once in the fall. Well sir, it was the fust o' November when I left for to come home from Battleford that year. The morning's was crisp and bright, and the glare o' the sun on the snow almost blinded a person. Them two ole oxen seemed to know that was a blizzard a-comin' before we left for home that mornin'. I had the dangdest time a-gettin' 'em started. I'd whupped

"The Tale of an Old Pioneer" - continued

'em with a piece o' rope, but they jist stood thar an' switched thar tails, shook thar heads, and bellered."

"Well, sir, I was about the sorest man I've ever seen, I stood thar and cussed them oxen until I was blue in the face, and all the while a bunch o' hombres war a-standin' around a-gapin' and a-bustin' thar dag-blamed sides a-laughin'.

The old fellow smiled to himself and took another chew of tobacco.

"I guess we was a purty comical lookin' sight, right," he grinned, "but I didn't think it was so dag-blamed funny at the time. The grizzled ole-timer was a-standin' thar a-chewin' his head off at me, so I strides up to him and says, says I, 'Well, ya grinned ole toad, what are you laughin' ye're durn-fool head off about, effen ye're so danged smart lets see ya make these o'nary critters move?' The ole timer spat outa one side o' his mouth, wiped his mouth with the back o' his hand, looked at me and winked, then he strolled o'er to the biggest o' the two oxen and gently rubbed his hand along its back, quick as you can bat an eye he grabbed the ole ox by the tail and gave it a couple-

"The Tale of an Old Pioneer" - continued

o' bone crackin' twists. By cracky that ole ox started so danged fast that he pulled the other ox off his feet. Well sir, I was so danged damaged I just stood thar with my mouth a-hangin' open. They was a-movin' now so danged fast that I had to run fer half a mile before I caught up with 'em."

The old man eyed the diminishing pile o' wood by the stove and reluctantly put another piece on the fire.

"The first half o' the journey home," he said, "we were really makin' good time and I figured we'd be home afore dark. But thets just how things were in them days, yuh never knew what would crop up next."

"About four o'clock that afternoon little flurries o' wind started to blow," he drawled, "An angry ole grey cloud loomed up outa the north-west. In side o' half an hour I tell yuh a real humdinger of a storm was a-blowin', the likes o' which I'd never seen before or since."

"Things looked purty danged grim fer me and the oxen just then, but them two ole oxen kept a-plowin' through the snow-drifts just the same. It was a-gettin' colder

"The Tale of an Old Pioneer" - continued

and colder all a time by cracky and I was afeared I'd freeze afore effen I didn't find some shelter purty dog-blamed quick, so I crawled down off the seat, laid down in the sleigh-box and pulled the ole hoss hide robe over me. I was a-lyin' thar a-shiverin' when I heard the ole hoss a-kickin' up a turrible fuss, that I jumped right up to see what in tarnation was a-goin' on. The wind hit me sech a smack that it dang near blew me outa the box. Hangin' on to the side o' the box for dear life, I peered around and thar at the back o' the sleigh-box I see the drum o' kerosene I was a-bringin' home, busted wide open. Yes sirree, it was so danged cold that it froze the kerosene solid and busted that heavy steel drum wide open. Well sir, when I see that, it kinda made me feel weak at the knees, so I brought out the bottle o' rum I was a-totin' fer snake-bites and took an extra stiff swig outa it. That rum was so doggoned bracin' that my fully felt like it were on fire. I'll bet if I hadn't had that bottle o' rum that night, I would've died sho' as shootin' like that drum o' kerosene. After that swig o' rum I felt peppy as heck, so I jumped outa the sleigh-box and unhitched the oxen. I climbed on the back o' one o' 'em and by cracky we went to beat the blazes.

The old man paused a bit, giggled

VI

"The Tale of an Old Pioneer" - continued

chin and looked thoughtfully at the hole in the knee of his trousers.

"Well, sir," he smiled, "that smart o' rum kept me warm until I got home that night, I didn't even feel the tip o' my nose. From one ole Sioux though, they'd th got that tails frozen solid, and the wind was a-blowin' so dangedly hard that it snapped 'em off as if they was twigs on a tree. I was thankful good and thankful to them Sioux for takin' me home safely that night; it gave me such a better good measure o' oats and lots o' rich ole hay, and from that day until them Sioux ole boys died, I see'er once — well not often anyhow — cussed 'em no matter how ornery they got. I couldn't use that trick the ole Skinner in Battleford used anymore either."

The old man leaned back in his rocking chair and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Ya know," he drawled, "the funniest thing happened. When I woke up the next morning the weather was clear and there was snow-drifts piled as high as mountains. Off on the horizon about a mile away I sees a big cloud o' steam arisin' into the air. There wasn't anyone a-livin' o'er that so I began

"The Tale of an Old Pioneer" - continued

a-wonderin' what in tarnation it could be. After I got the chores done fer the mornin' I put on my snow-shoes and started out to find out what in tarnation was a-causin' the steam. I tramped through the snow for about a mile and a half until I got to the top o'a steep rise and thar on t'other side, what do you think I saw? Nosir, you'd never guess it but thar stood my sleigh-box and the bottle o'rum a-settin' thar on the seat where I'd left it and by cracky that ole rum was so danged fiery it had melted the snow fer a hundred yards arour the box. Yes sirree, by cracky, that ole bottle o'rum was a-sendin' out more heat than that ole stove thar ever sent out in a month o' Sundays. It was no danged wonder I warn't cold the night before, with a snort o' that bloomin' fire water in my belly. But that jest goes to show how tough we were in them days. We could come through blizzards without even freezing a toe and we could drink the hottest danged rum made without even battin' an eye."

The old fellow got up, stretched his arms above his head and yawned.

"So you think its cold today?" he mocked as he pulled on his buck-skin jacket. "Well, all I can say is thet it's a dern lucky thing you

"The Tale of an Old Pioneer" - continued

warn't a-livin' here fifty yars ago. Why, I remember the wind blew so dang-ged hard once that it ---- but specks, I better not start that one. Gotta git them dang chores done. (Ouch! Dern foot's sore utere. I froze 'er this mornin'.

The End.

(2) my story

June Davidson
age 16, grade 9
Whitehorse

Essay
Calling Lake

Of all the interesting peoples, places and things I encountered on my trip this summer, I think the most fascinating to me is the legend about Calling Lake and how it got its name. It is a beautiful spot about forty-five miles straight north of Athabasca, ~~which~~ It has no highway now railroad yet, There has been a settlement there, ~~for~~ for years and years. It is a commercial fishing lake and good trapping country. A large part of its population descends from the Cree tribes of long ago.

My story is about the queer natural phenomenon that gives the lake its name and the Indian legend explaining it.

A long time ago when Payok (Cyril's grandfather grandfather was a very small boy, each Indian tribe had its guardian spirit. And if it was a very good tribe, the spirit would sometimes appear to one of its members to give advice or warning of danger

The tribe that settled on this lake, and Payok's grandfather's grandfather among them, (Old Payok tells the story and vouches for its truth because his grandfather told him and he had it from his grandfather) as I say this tribe was particularly favored by all the spirits. Its men were brave and strong and wise, its women beautiful and clever with their hands. Their guardian spirit was very proud of

his band and boasted to the other gods that no evil could enter into their hearts.

One wicked spirit who heard the boast became frightfully jealous. His tribe was nothing to boast about and he never recieved praises from the higher gods. He decided to bring some evil to the favored tribe or coax them into wicked ways.

"Pesiskinisuo" was the name of this spitful spirit and it meant "horrid fish animal". He could change himself into a dreadful monster, half fish and half beast when he chose. The tribes guardian spirit was called "Assemin Kupakpin" or "Lover of Laughter". He went to warn his people of the danger that Pesiskinisuo would be to them. He appeared in a dream to the chief himself and said, "Beware the fish-beast! I can say no more. The rest lies with your people."

The chief called a council of all the tribe the next morning. When he told them of his dream the medicine men took council and explained its true meaning. All the warriors and their squaws made a vow to be ever on guard and not listen to the voice of evil.

Their vow was not an easy one to keep. At first Pesiskinisuo appeared to them as a gay young chief and tried to coax them from their ways of goodness and fair play. They ignored him. Then he whispered secrets into their dreams.

But they refused to be swayed by him.

At last he became vicious and appeared as the hideous monster he was, with a breathe of fire and huge scaly tail that could throw a dozen warriors over at once. He threatened to destroy the tribe by degrees unless the people followed his laws for their future. It was a very trying time for the people and they were beginning to wonder if it would not be wiser to break their vow.

Now the chief had a lovely daughter, "Pasquow", or "The Beautiful". Who felt deep sadness over the plight of her fathers people. All night she could not sleep for thinking of monsters visit on the morrow. She stood in the door of her fathers tepee - a slim, willowy girl with two long braids of jet black hair. Her eyes were like dusky pools in the moonlight and her teeth were little pearls behind lips of dark red velvet. She saw the stars twinkling up at her from the breast of the lake and the moon made a path of glory across its rippled surface. It seemed to be showing her the way.

"Yes" she thought. "I will do it. It is the only way to save my fathers people."

Early in the morning, Pasquow arose and dressed herself in her most beautiful robes of buff deerskin with ermine trim.

She brushed her long black braids until they rippled like polished jet and clasped them back with the feather from a cardinal's wing. Then just as the eastern sun tipped the tamaracks to the east and threw its long red rays to the shoreline of the lake she stepped forth from the tepee and started slowly down the path to the water's edge. Dew drops glistened on the bushes beside her, and the world seemed fresh and beautiful.

Just then with a mighty rumble and roar the monster flopped out of the forest and up to the village. All the Indians crowded into their wigwams and wondered what to do. The beautiful maiden alone seemed unconcerned. She walked on to the shore and launched her canoe as if there was nothing at all out of place.

The evil spirit gazed at her in admiration and began to follow her with his flopping motions. She paddled straight out to the centre of the lake with the monster floundering behind her. Just before he overtook the canoe a mysterious mountain of black clouds seemed to appear suddenly above them. Lightning flashed and thunder ripped through the quiet of the morning air. The monster hesitated and was turning back to shore. His beast head with its

fiery wrath must have air.
a bad storm might drown him.

Then the storm broke in a fury that the Indians had never seen before.
The frail little canoe was dashed to bits almost instantly, and the fiery monster sank between two huge waves and was never seen again.

And ever since that fateful day, especially in the autumn when the sun has risen red on a dew sparkling world, a listener may hear the dull rumble of the evil spirit's voice rising from the centre of the lake.
He is calling the tribe from his lair in the bottom, and no Indian will cross that lake to this day. If they must get to the other side, they go on foot around the shore or paddle their canoes all around the edge.

The white settlers these explain that booming sound on a clear day by various scientific possibilities. Some say it is gas in the bottom of the lake. Some say it is an electrical condition of the atmosphere above the lake.
I have no theory to explain the queer calling sound, and I don't believe I would offer it if I had. I like the legend of the beautiful Indian maiden sacrificing herself for her tribe and I like the supernatural spirit the Indians gave it. To me the bad spirit of Pesabinisiwe is calling for lost Indian souls.

Winifred Thorogood
Age 16 - Grade 11
Strathcona High School

stories (1)

RANDY'S CHOICE

When the second bell rang for the afternoon classes the students of Room 6, Riverside High were in a wild state of excitement. Thirty-four students were waiting for the third bell to ring. Except for the last seat in the third row every place was occupied. It had been rumored throughout the school for several days that the new student was to arrive today. Many comments had been made and there had been much debating over the sex of the newcomer.

There was definitely a man shortage at Riverside High. Most of the available males had marched away to war and when the term had opened this fall there had been only a few physically unfit fellows attending Riverside. Room 6 had been allotted nine of the most unfit fellows of the bunch. Due to the fact that there were about two and three quarter girls to every boy, these males had become slightly battered by now, and the prospect that the new student might be a boy left the twenty five females of Room 6 breathless.

Miss Crockett the presiding teacher, smiled to herself as she surveyed the student body of Room 6. The girls had, for the time being given up the quest for dates for the annual school dance which was to be held two weeks from tonight. Their nine victims seemed to be very contented, but in reality they were just a bit worried. One of their number even went so far as to hint that it wasn't too bad having girls flock after him. He went so far as to add that if the new student was a girl, as undoubtedly it would be, there would be closer to three girls to every boy.

Marilyn and Heather, the two glamour gals of Room 6 were chummily whispering together. No doubt they were planning how to divide the new student between them should it be a boy. Miss Crockett's gaze rested on Julie and her eyes twinkled. Julie, who was apparently absorbed in Latin Prose, didn't so much as glance at the vacant seat that was directly opposite her. She was very pretty and had a lovely personality, but these characteristics didn't seem to compete with the glamorous Marilyn or the devastating charm of Heather.

Chubbie, Julie's intimate friend, jabbed the sharp end of a pencil into Julie's arm. Poor Chubbie couldn't wear fluffy sweaters, nor lipstick, or red nailpolish, because Mom and Pop didn't approve. No high heeled shoes either cause that's the way Sis broke her ankle once. Consequently she wore plain clothes, mostly black or brown, no makeup except perhaps a little powder you couldn't see anyway, and oxfords. Alas! Even Chubbie was wondering what would happen if the new student was a boy.

The third bell rang at last. Thirty four pairs of eyes were riveted on the door. The minutes passed like hours. Miss Crockett called the class to order. The door opened slowly and the new student entered the room. There was no longer any doubt; the new student was a male. Maybe he wasn't Frank Sinatra but he was making a darned good imitation of Clark Gable. Nine groans, uttered simultaneously, broke the silence. The weaker sex of Room 6 sighed contentedly. Miss Crockett waved vaguely to the vacant seat. The new student was seated and the afternoon classes began.

When the fourth bell rang and the classes were finished for the day, the nine neglected victims made their way towards the door, and silently disappeared. The new student went into conference with Miss Crockett, completely ignoring the group of girls that hovered about the door. Suddenly he tried to make his escape through the group amid admiring glances and frivolous giggles. Disaster came when he dashed around the bend in the hall.

Chubbie had been hunting for her wallet and had her books precariously poised on one arm. Geometry, Latin and numerous other books crashed to the floor. The new student paused in his wild dash from the admiring females just long enough to restore the books to Chubbie's arms. Had she been living in the age of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn she might have said something like, "How could you be so noble?" But she was a modern girl living in 1945, and things like that weren't usually said. Anyway she could never think of anything appropriate to say. She muttered her thanks and smiled feebly. The new student stared a moment at Julie, but before he could say anything twenty three of his admirers came around the bend in the hall and the new student made a hasty getaway.

Seven thirty found the entire class, with the exception of the new student, in Joe's Ice Cream Parlour. The nine forlorn victims were seated in a row at the soda fountain. Several couples, of the weaker sex, were throwing each other around to the sweet tune of a jute box. The rest of the girls were gathered around the main table. The topic of discussion, at the moment, concerned the annual dance and who the new student would choose for his lucky partner.

A gust of wind came rushing in as the street door swung open. A slightly frustrated but otherwise very charming Heather Allison made her way towards the main table and began breathlessly to inform them that the new student was moving into the house beside her's. He was military exempt till June and his name was Randy Harris. Several of the girls sighed, several swooned, and the rest whispered softly, "Randy", "Randy Harris". Suddenly Julie jumped up. The street door swung open and she disappeared from sight. The protesting Chubbie was close behind. "Well", breathed Marilyn,"What's the matter with her?"

Chubbie slightly resented this uncalled for interruption in her favorite fresh fruit sundae, but she said nothing. Julie didn't even attempt to explain her actions as they hurried along the street in the general direction of their respective homes. They passed Heather Allison's home but did not glance at the moving van parked outside the next house. Julie suddenly sucked in her breath as they passed a grey convertible coupe parked in the shadows of the old elm trees on the corner.

They paused outside Julie's house. Chubbie couldn't think of anything to say. "Well ---- goodbye", she offered. It was the only thing she could think of. A sob broke the silence of the night and Julie raced up the stairs to the house. Chubbie moved off down the street. What could have come over Julie? Did it have anything to do with the new student Randy Harris? Why was she so upset when they passed the grey coupe? Chubbie wished she knew the answers to all these questions.

During the next few days the same excited atmosphere prevailed in Room 6. Randy prepared his lessons apparently unaware of the thirty four pairs of eyes concentrating on him. Even Julie surveyed him secretly through a fring of dark lashes. Miss Crockett had noticed a strange change in Julie since the summer holidays, but during the last few days she had become even stranger. She spent nearly all her time gazing into space and jumped everytime anyone mentioned her name.

During Latin class Miss Crockett noticed that Julie was day dreaming again. "Julie", she called. There was no answer and so she repeated this again much louder. Still there was no answer and so she said, "Julie Westly are you listening to this lesson?" Julie came to with a start. She blushed faintly and began to concentrate on her Latin. Meanwhile Randy had shot an enquiring glance in her direction. He took a crumpled piece of newspaper out of his wallet and spread it out on the desk in front of him. A low astonished whistle broke the still silence of the room.

That night Randy sat at the desk in his room, his dark head bend over a Chemistry text. Any casual observer would have thought he was absorbed in this subject but in reality he was thinking of the best pal a fellow ever had. The pal, in Randy's case was Jeffrey Lee. Tall, blonde, wonderful Jeff. The kind of fellow the girls really go for in a big way. It was funny though, because he hadn't paid any attention to girls until last summer. Randy thought of Jeff's last leave and he felt suddenly very sick.

It had all happened on the night of a big formal dance at the lake. Jeff wasn't ready in time to pick up his girl and because Randy wasn't going to the dance and didn't have anything better to do he asked him to drive the grey convertible down to her cottage and pick her up. By the time Randy reached the cottage it was quite dark. She had seen him drive up and with a rustle of long skirts she was in the coupe beside him. Then suddenly before he knew what was happening she was in his arms.

Randy had driven back to the hotel in complete silence. He dared not utter a word for fear his voice would give away the tangle of emotions that was going on inside of him. He just jumped out and hoped with all his heart that Jeffrey would not look closely at him.

The next morning Jeff came in, proudly displaying the morning newspaper. On the front page appeared numerous pictures taken at the formal dance the night before. Among them was a picture of Jeff dancing cheek to cheek with his girl. Randy searched his face and finally decided that the girl hadn't told him about the incident of mistaken identity the night before.

Then the telegram had arrived. It was from the Navy, and ordered Jeff to return immediately to his ship. He didn't want to tell his girl over the phone so he trusted the message to Randy. The trouble had really started for Randy when he discovered that the girl had gone. The cottage was closed up for the winter. Randy combed the beaches hunting for a girl that resembled the one in the newspaper picture but it was no good, she was gone.

Then scarcely had two weeks passed when Mr. Lee received a telegram from the War Department. The kind that begins, "We regret to inform you .....". Jeffrey Lee was dead. Killed in action. Now all that was left for Randy was memories of Jeff and dreams of the time when he himself would be in His Majesty's Service.

Next week Riverside High put on a scrap drive. Stacks of paper, piled high littered the school basement, as huge donations were made from all the neighboring districts. The Principal critically surveyed the devastation caused by the scrap drive. Quickly he called for students who would donate their services in cleaning up this mess. Chubbie and Julie were among the first to offer their services in the sorting of the old newspapers.

Julie noticed with curiosity that every paper she had picked up for several minutes was turned to the casualty lists. She pushed back her hair and stooped to pick up the last paper. It too had been folded to the casualty list. Under the column KILLED IN ACTION, a small item had been carefully cut out. The paper was several months old. Julie glanced at the next item and her heart began to race. "Killed in action --- beyond the line of duty", was what the item said. All the things that Julie had locked away at the back of her mind and heart broke loose and she began to cry softly.

There were only three days till the Annual dance and the fairer sex of Room 6 were getting mighty worried. They had been waiting for the new student to pick his partner but as yet he had made no attempt to do so. Marilyn called a special meeting at Joe's to discuss this distressing matter. Someone suggested that they put a slight reminder on the bulletin board in Room 6 and this plan was voted for unanimously.

The next day a huge sign in contrasting colours appeared on the bulletin board. It read ... REMEMBER THE ANNUAL RIVERSIDE DANCE and continued in slightly smaller letters .. Come on boys, what are you waiting for? Randy read the sign and chuckled to himself. He knew the latter part was meant for him but he did nothing. The nine victims read the sign too. They also had had a meeting and now they were waiting for the inevitable results.

The girls had their second meeting and planned to ask Randy personally if he was going to the dance. This plan, however, didn't work much better than the previous one. It only succeeded in making Randy buy two tickets for the dance. Still the girls had no satisfaction.

The next night when the four o'clock bell rang Miss Crockett looked up from her work just in time to catch a glimpse of ten boys leaving the classroom together. At the lead of the nine victims walked Randy Harris. The girls looked at each other in astonished bewilderment. Something was going on around here that they hadn't counted on. Marilyn called a third meeting to be held at Joe's at seven thirty sharp.

Miss Crockett worked late that night marking Exam papers. She was having supper in one of Joe's booths when she noticed the girls assembling around the main table. Sodas were ordered. Discussion began at once and continued excitedly for quite a while. The nine victims came in whistling and took their usual places at the counter. The girls didn't so much as look up, but continued their discussion. Finally they came to a decision. Little slips of paper were passed around. Heather Allison, the secretary, churned up the names and then selected several.

A few minutes later nine girls, including Heather and Marilyn, slipped from their places at the table and crossed the room to the soda fountain, where the nine boys were silently drinking milk shakes. A few moments later there were nine couples seated in a row at the counter. And the nine girls were thinking of their lovely formal gowns that they would wear to the dance the next night.

The rest of the girls looked forlorn and unhappy. They were planning to go to a movie the next night. But even a movie starring Clark Gable couldn't be compared with the Annual Riverside Dance. Finally they left and Miss Crockett smiled to herself when she heard good natured Chubbie reciting -- "I like me. I think I'm grand. I'll take me to the movies and I'll hold my hand. I'll put my arm around my waist and when I get fresh I'll slap my face."

The next day Miss Crockett didn't even attempt to call the class to order. She knew from experience of her own that it was impossible to concentrate the day before a big dance. She was even excited herself today. The students didn't know it yet but the principal had had a sudden attack of flu, which meant that he wouldn't be able to chaperon the Annual dance. Tall, dark and Handsome was the nickname given to Jack MacDonald the teacher for Room 8, who had been appointed in the principal's place.

Miss Crockett looked up, as a titter of excitement ran through the room, right into Mr. MacDonald's twinkling eyes. Right then and there he wanted to know if she would like to help him chaperon at the dance. She blushed faintly and as if through a haze she heard her voice accepting his invitation. Then she began to worry. She didn't even know if her formal dress was in good shape. He smiled at her again and strode out of the room.

Miss Crockett found herself wondering why he was nicknamed Tall Dark and Handsome. He wasn't very tall but he appeared tall. He wasn't exactly dark either, his hair was on the brown side and very wavy. He had a ridiculous mustache but it went well with his particular style of beauty. As for the handsome part, this was really silly. And yet there was something about him. Perhaps it was in his eyes. Dark brown and brimming with mirth or the way he had of suddenly lifting his left eyebrow. When he smiled at her, Miss crockett realized with a start that he wasn't just like all the other men she knew. He was very different, very attractive, and very interesting. She sincerely hoped the evening would be a success.

Jack MacDonald went back to his deak in Room 8. What a brain wave it had been to ask Miss Crockett. She was certainly lovely there was no denying that. The evening should be a huge success instead of the dull boring flop he had anticipated previously. He rubbed his hand along his usually smooth chin. "Ye Gods" he thought, "I forgot to shave this morning." "I wonder what kind of corsage she would prefer, roses or perhaps a gardenia." He began looking around the room. "Damn that girl in the front row. I wish she would quit mooning over me." That was the trouble with being a man teacher in your early thirties. It was ridiculous to think that a girl of seventeen could be in love with a man of thirty.

That evening Chubbie went into Joe's for a soda. A few unhappy females were lounging around various tables. Aside from Joe and his assistant, Freddie, not a male was in sight. For the first time in weeks the jute box was silent. Because Chubbie was very sorry for herself she bought one of her special invigorating sundaes, guaranteed to add a few pounds. Oh well, what was a few pounds here and there . "What am I thinking," Chubbie asks herself. "Oh, Well," she resolved, "no more milkshakes or anything after tonight". Finally, after making absolutely certain that the ice cream dish was completely empty, she left Joe's and swung down the street in the general direction of Julie's home.

She rang the bell and stepped inside. A dozen red roses occupied the place of honour on the hall table. Julie called down and invited Chubbie up to her room. The latter ascended the stairs slowly. She was wholly unprepared for the sight that met her when she entered Julie's room. Julie was standing in front of the full length mirror. She was wearing a billowing pink sheer dress, studded with clusters of silver sequins. A couple of cream rose buds were fastened in her hair which was combed into a very becoming shoulder length style. Chubbie's mouth had fallen open when she entered the

room and as yet she hadn't bothered to close it. She could hardly believe her eyes. Never before had she seen Julie look so radiantly beautiful. She sat on the edge of the bed and gaped at Julie's reflection in the mirror. "I'm having hallucinations," she thought, "those dill pickles for dinner and the sundae were a little too much for me". Julie finally broke the silence. "How do you like my dress?" she questioned. Chubbie was confused. "You're not going to the Annual dance," she began slowly, "your name wasn't picked in the draw." Julie smiled, "Sure I'm going. Guess who's taking me." Chubbie was more confused than ever. She looked around the room as if to find the answer hidden somewhere along the smooth surface of the walls. Suddenly she noticed the rose corsage and the card nestled among the leaves. She began to smell the roses, all the while craning her neck to read the message on the card. "Dear Julie", it began, "Please wear the pink sheer dress".

Chubbie had difficulty in reading the signature. She picked up the box to admire the roses more closely. The white card floated to the floor. She picked it up and returned it to the box. She had seen the signature. Wouldn't the rest of the girls get a shock when they found out who Julie's partner was.

Minutes passed and neither of the girls broke the silence. Julie surveyed herself critically in the long mirror. She turned to Chubbie, her eyes shining. "What's the matter Chubbie? Why don't you ask me all those questions you have been thinking for the last ten minutes?" she teased. Chubbie became very interested in examining her fingernails. "Where did you get the pretty dress?" she muttered. Julie looked at the clock. "I haven't enough time to explain to you now Chubbie." Julie couldn't continue because a sharp insistent ring of the door bell interrupted. Chubbie smiled, "That's probably Romeo at the door now. You'd better let him in while I disappear out the back way." Julie hurried downstairs to admit her impatient escort.

True to her word Chubbie silently disappeared. As she walked down the street she fingered the money in her pocket. She shouldn't have bought that sundae because now she didn't have enough money to see that Clark Gable picture. She felt neglected and lonely. "Hello gorgeous". The voice floated clearly to Chubbie's ears. She didn't even stop. The voice, wherever it was coming from, was no doubt referring to someone else. "Hey beautiful." The voice was louder and more insistent this time. Chubbie hesitated and looked sheepishly about. Not a person was in sight. She continued down the street. "Chubbie! Ain't you gonna stop?" This time she located the voice. A head popped out from under Joe's old jalopy. It was Freddie, the ice cream parlour assistant. Chubbie helped him fix a flat tire. "How come you're not working tonight?" Chubbie demanded. "No business", was the reply. "You want to go to the movies?" Several minutes passed. Chubbie was having the same old difficulty. She couldn't think of the right thing to say at the right time. "Why ... I.. Sure", she faltered.

The first couple arrived at the dance hall. Miss crockett surveyed the bright decorations. The students had certainly done a marvelous job. Bright coloured streamers were strung from the chandelier to the corners of the hall. The Moon and hundreds of shining gold stars were suspended by invisible threads. Huge bunches of balloons cascaded from the ceiling. A shining silver throne in a bank of flowers stood in the middle of the hall. It was a custom that the men attending the Annual Riverside Dance should cast their votes for the belle of the ball. The lucky girl then became Queen of the Riverside Annual Dance. Miss Crockett's partner also viewed the decorations but he thought she was the most

beautiful thing in the hall. On the stage the band was tuning up. "Fats" the two hundred pound saxaphone player gave out with a boogey woogey beat. As if summoned by his tune the young couples trooped gaily into the hall and the dance began.

Miss Crockett and Mr. MacDonald were sitting the third dance out. They had already gotten around to first names, Evelyn and Jack, and were now chummily discussing the young couples on the dance floor. The girls' dresses made a beautiful pattern as they swirled in and out around the glittering throne. There was a pause between dances. Several hundred couples were gaily chattering. Suddenly a titter of excitement ran through the crowd. Miss Crockett looked towards the door. Randy Harris had just entered. She craned her neck to get a glimpse of his partner. Why it was Julie Westly. There was comparative silence in the hall which was soon broken by the boys who whistled their appreciation of Randy's beautiful partner. Most of these boys were later seen limping around the hall due to the fact that their partners, of the weaker sex, had given them a good swift kick in the shins.

Julie caught sight of Miss Crockett. She had always considered her the most wonderful woman in the world, but tonight she was lovely, absolutely out of this world. A single gardenia was pinned in the neckline of a stunning black net gown. Her glistening golden hair cascaded to her shoulders in a very different style from the severe one she usually wore at school. There was no need for words, admiration shone out of Julie's eyes. Miss Crockett on the other hand was completely bewildered. She still couldn't imagine how Julie had managed to snatch Randy away from the twenty-three wolverines of Room 6.

A note blasted from the trumpets. The belle of the ball was to be chosen. The boys formed a huge stag line around the hall. The girls printed their names on cards and hung them around their necks. Mr. MacDonald picked up a card. He wrote in huge letters, EVELYN CROCKETT, and hung it around her neck. She giggled and began to protest but Julie dragged her out into the centre of the room with all the other girls. A waltz was played and a huge ballot box was put in the middle of the stage, voting began at once. The girl with the highest number of votes became Queen and the girl in second place became a princess.

The girls were in a wild state of excitement. Several dances passed. Marilyn stated, confidentially, to Heather that she, Marilyn, had the best chance of becoming Queen. Hadn't she been Queen last year? Why, anyone with half an eye could see that she would become Queen. "But darling," Heather objected, "there are just hundreds of pretty girls here and besides you should give someone else a chance. I think Julie will be Queen". "Julie Westly?" Marilyn smiled sarcastically. The trumpets blew for a second time. The stag line was formed again, and the girls stood expectantly about the throne. "Fats" the saxaphone player had been chosen to announce the winners. "For Queen", he announced slowly, beaming at all the girls, "the boys have chosen," the suspense was terrible, "Miss Evelyn Crockett". Miss Crockett looked about in complete bewilderment. Suddenly Mr. MacDonald picked her up in his arms, strode through the crowd, and deposited her in the huge throne. The student body went wild. The trumpets blew. "Fats" was having the time of his life trying to read the announcements as slowly as possible. "For princess they have chosen," a long pause, "Miss Julie Westly. Julie was as surprised as Miss Crockett had been. Heather Allison poked Marilyn in the ribs. "Well at least she's not Queen" a gleam of triumph showed in Marilyn's eyes. "Neither are you, dearie", was Heather's reply. The gleam faded.

The queen had to choose the last dance and much to the satisfaction of the company Miss Crockett chose a Moonlight Waltz. The clock struck twelve. The Annual Riverside Dance was ended.

The couples trooped gaily out of the hall. Mr. MacDonald locked the hall doors and the crowd disappeared in several directions. Julie and Randy went to find the grey convertible parked in the multitude of cars.

Jack MacDonald and Evelyn Crockett were walking slowly home. At Grove Street he hesitated. He had wanted to walk down Lover's Lane but instead he turned towards the River Road. A man couldn't make love to a woman in front of several hundred of their students. "It was a sweet gesture for them to choose me Queen wasn't it Jack", she said softly. "Sweet gesture! It was nothing of the kind", Jack fumed, "You were easily the most beautiful girl at the dance." He was thinking of the card that had read Miss EVELYN CROCKETT and wondered if it could possibly be changed to MRS. EVELYN MACDONALD in time for them to chaperon the next Annual Dance.

They turned a bend in the road. Perhaps choosing River Road hadn't been such a brainy idea after all. A grey convertible coupe was parked under the weeping willow trees that grew along the side of the river. Miss Crockett smiled. Randy had his arms full of pink sheer and clusters of silver sequins.

Essay

Alberta--Land to Love (3)

Louise W. Merchant
age 17, Grade 12
McDougall Commercial
Edmonton

Alberta--to a stranger that name might inspire, a regal and beautiful woman, or perhaps a princess such as the one she was named after, Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, wife of one of Canada's first governors general. But to us--to the men and women of her hills and plains--to those who know Alberta, she is a sturdy pioneer and a faithful comrade. These are the people who have watched her grow, she is their handiwork and her steadfastness is their reward.

We find her a thriving province. Prosperous farmlands, rich mineral fields, cattle ranches, advancing steadily to a fuller fertility and greatness. Her capital aspires to be "The Crossroads of the World" and "The Gateway to the North." Her young men are again protecting her honour and her land on all the battlefronts of the world, for this is the second World War into which Alberta has thrown her all. We find factories, railways, electricity, dams, but was this always so? No! Well then lets look back about two hundred years. The veil of time that hides the past draws back--we see a land of forests, plains and rivers, her only inhabitants the Cree and Blackfoot Indians, the great untamed west. Brawny and brave were those red men of the plains, fighting and living romantic history. A panorama of beautiful scenes unfolds itself before us, olympian mountains, effervescent cascades sparkling through them and fleecy clouds floating amoung their snow-capped peaks. The tapering fingers of the summer sun emblazon the foothills in glorious rainbow hues, and the rolling plain spreads limitless to a far horizon, dotted with herds of animals that are now on the verge of extinction. Forests so deep and dark the sun will never penetrate them; Rivers wide and clear rushing through the land; Rapids yet unconquered in labyrinths like tributaries known only to the Indians. Think of it--all this--unplanned, uncharted and unseen. Was it not an adventurer's paradise? A land of promise and fulfilment?

The years marched on and to Alberta came such famous men as Bounchier de Nieverville, probably the first white man to reach Alberta. He left Montreal in 1750, journeying to the Rocky Mountains and passing Edmonton's present site nearly two hundred years ago. Then following him in close succession there was Samuel Hearne, the first traveller known to penetrate the wilds of the Great Slave Lake, 1772; Peter Pond, who reached Alberta in 1778 and built the first trading post thirty miles from the mouth of the Athabasca; The famous explorer, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who discovered and ascended the Mackenzie river in July 1789. Yes, many were the brave men who explored and prospected here in the days of old and whose names have died with their friends; These we cannot remember and pay tribute to, but to those some trick of fate has preserved and bequeathed to us, we will remember.

One of the greatest factors in building and opening the west was the Canadian Pacific Railway, so we may look upon its great story as part of our great story. Such were the fore-runners of our people, these were the men who opened our country up, who faced cold and privations and brought back stories that will go down in history.

And in Europe there were men who listened and thrilled to the stories of a new country, of adventure and exploration. They heard a voice within them urging them on and they answered it and came. Some brought their wives and their families to start the new life in the new land. At first the majority of the settlers stayed in the east, but the more adventureous and courageous journeyed on till they came to the golden west. These were the backbone of our country, they worked, they built houses, they raised cattle, they tilled the land.

Cattle raising stood first amoung Alberta's early inhabitants but soon the wheat farmer moved into the country and although the Steer made a brave stand against the Wheat, he lost,

and his realm was cut up into sections and quarter sections--fenced about--plowed and sown in wheat. Some of the land was fit only for ranching but the wheat farmer in his haste and ignorance grasped it, tilled it, tried to sow his seed in the sandy soil, failed and deserted it. Others found they could not exist on wheat alone and were forced to raise livestock. As a result we find that although the day of the big ranch is gone there are more cattle in the west than ever before.

Alberta may seem young and ghostless to the staunch devotee of the old world, but we too have our legends. One famous old one is that of the Lost Lemon Mine, a real tradgey. Lemon and Blackjack discovered the mine, then Lemon filled with greed and desiring the whole mine for himself murdered Blackjack. Soon after he left the country and went to Montana, but the crime he had committed played on his conscience until he became unbalanced. Later, realizing what he had done, he confessed to a priest. The priest organized a party and took Lemon along to look for the fabulous mine. But within seven miles of the supposed location Lemon became worse and the venture met with failure. Soon after this Lafayette French carried on the hunt, he supposedly found the mine and wrote to a friend about it, but that night the hotel he was staying at burned to the ground and 14,000 dollars in gold nuggets were found near his chared remains, and with him had gone the secret of the Lost Lemon Mine. Some seven hundred men went out to look for it after this but its whereabouts was never discovered.

Then there is the mournful yet heroic story of our Indian War. Yes--back in 1885 we had an Indian war--our largest and last. It was in the fall of 1884 that the trouble really began. Louis Riel, after many years of exile in the United States, returned to Canada, Riel was a half-breed and so the Indians were more ready to accept him as their leader than

they would have been otherwise. He put himself in charge of a band of half-breeds and Indians and pledged that he would help them get back what the British government had stolen from them. Then in the spring of 1885 the Metis started seizing persons and property around Duck Lake in Saskatchewan, where the rebellion really began. These small victories enflamed Riel's followers and their number increased to over 25,000. Tribes, who for generations had fought each other, the Cree and the Blackfeet, joined forces and went on the warpath against the whites. They looted and massacred whole communities. In fact the situation became so bad that a French Canadian regiment (65th) had to be sent up. They travelled 2240 miles to relieve Calgary and got there just in time. When they arrived they looked as if they had already been through a struggle, for the railway hadn't been completed and their trek across country had been a gruelling one. Five days later Winnipeg sent out a battalion. Unrest began to manifest itself farther north and these troups had to march again for Edmonton was threatened. Then there was a call for help from Fort Pitt, but when help arrived Fort Pitt had already fallen to Big Bear, and shortly after that the Frog Lake Massacre took place.

Such was Alberta, back in the days when Father Lacombe was a living figure and history was still being painted in blood and battle, when such famous Indian leaders as Wandering Spirit, of the Cree Indian tribe, were troubling the minds of strong men. They had cause for uneasiness too, for it was wandering Spirit who, with the help of Riel plotted and carried out the Frog Lake Massacre. What a grim tale of wholesale bloodshed and treachery that is; Out of the entire Frog Lake Settlement only one man escaped to tell the story and he had been forced to stand by and watch the slaying and scalping of friends. Afterwards Wandering Spirit tried to have this man killed because of what he had seen, thinking apparently that erasing the witness would erase the crime.

Perhaps Alberta is the only place in the world that ever played a piece of its history over again almost fifty years after the actual occurrence. Perhaps she is the only one that ever brought back her warriors dressed as of old and repeated that episode exactly. It all happened like this--the government found that the Wainwright Buffalo Reservation had become overcrowded and that about two thousand of the animals would have to be disposed of. So in 1923 a buffalo hunt actually took place. Young Indians who had bought or raised their meat all their life, were allowed to hunt the buffalo for food. All the old timers turned out to watch the display, while the younger Indians stampeded and killed the buffalo as their forefathers had done on the same plains fifty years before. A buffalo stampede--Indian braves--drums--whoops--yells--smoke signals--then the great herd passed, and with it a period in Alberta's history. For never again will the buffalo thunder over the dusty prairie followed by the dark skinned brave.

Oh Alberta--yours is a story full of undiminishable bravery and steadfastness, a story that could not grow too great in the telling. Remember the explorers, the adventurers, the traders, the Indians, remember them all and remember too the year 1905. For it was in 1905 that Alberta, Assiniboia, Athabaska and Saskatchewan were united and formed into two provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Very shortly we shall be marking our 40th anniversary as a province. More than a generation will have passed since that historic day, ~~April 15~~ Sept, 1905.

Every year the west sends out a call to Young Canada, a call that lures them to her prairies and her mountains, offering them advantages and opportunities to live a man's life such as Industrial east could never offer. Come, and come soon, for our prairies are filling up and soon the great northwest will no longer be an unknown and adventurous land.

To close this essay about a land I love I should like to quote Ruyard Kipling--who expressed in four lines of poetry something I could not say adequatly had I written ten more pages.

"God gave all men earth to love
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all."